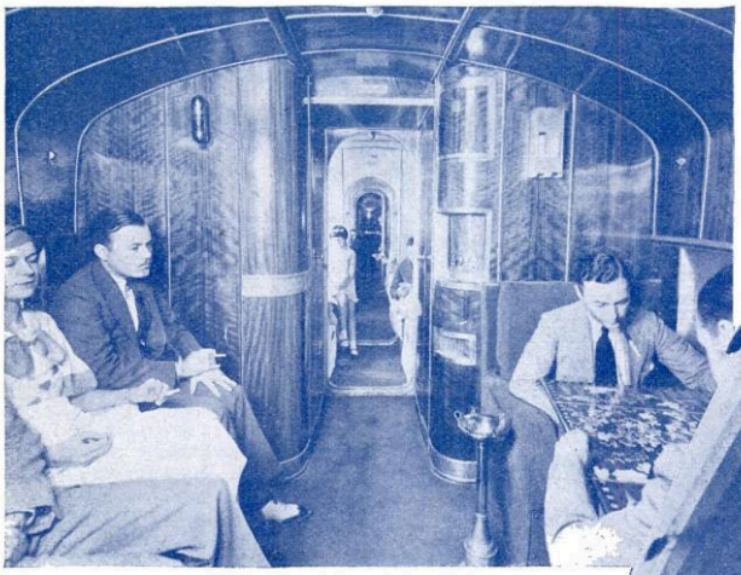
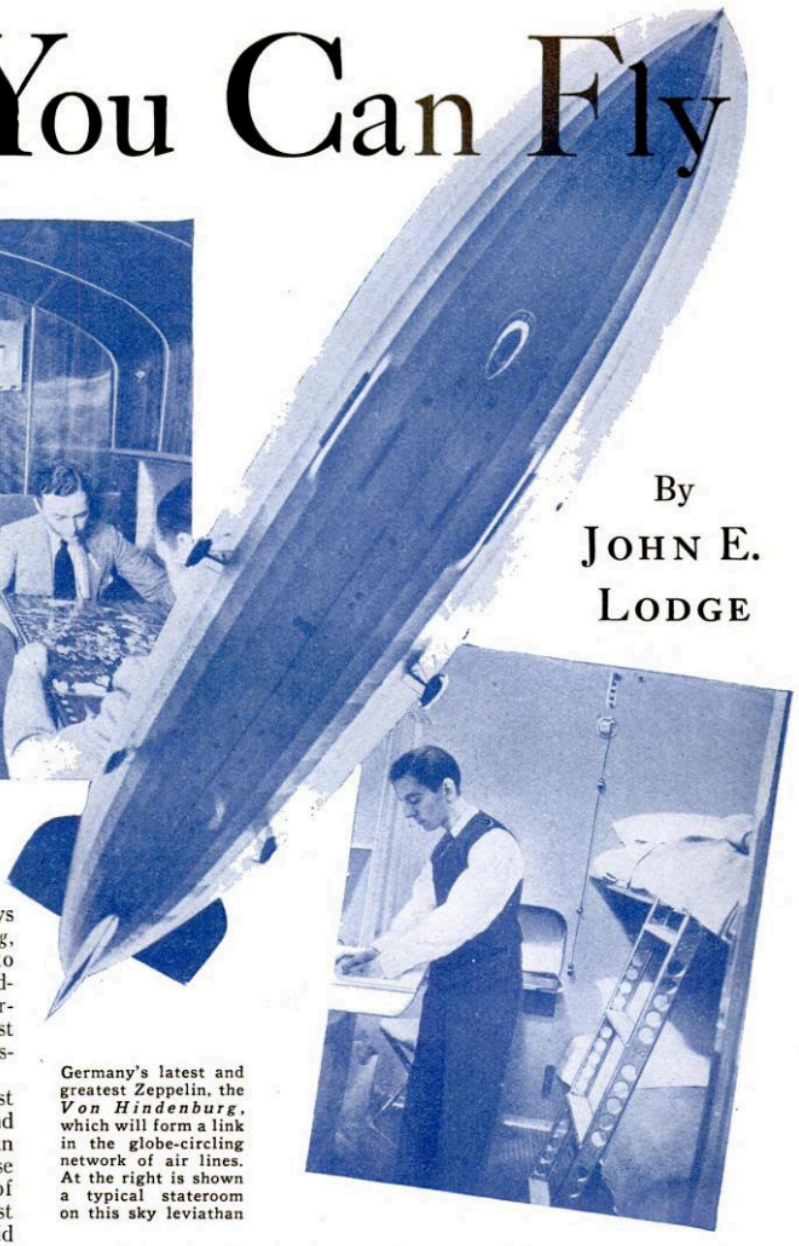
Now You Can Fly

By JOHN E. LODGE



The interior of one of the transpacific planes, looking along the fifty-foot aisle of the passenger compartment



Germany's latest and greatest Zeppelin, the *Von Hindenburg*, which will form a link in the globe-circling network of air lines. At the right is shown a typical stateroom on this sky leviathan

OUT of the sky over Lakehurst, N. J., a few days hence, the enormous silver *Von Hindenburg*, biggest Zeppelin ever built, is scheduled to nose down for a landing at the end of its maiden voyage to America. Not many weeks later, the four-engined, twenty-five-ton *China Clipper* will head out past the promontories of the Golden Gate on its first passenger flight to the Orient.

Those two events will forge the final links in a vast chain of airways to encircle the globe. Before the end of this summer, you will be able to buy tickets for an aerial circuit of the earth as easily as you now purchase them for a round-the-world cruise by steamer. Years of preparation, the flights of daring pioneers, and the latest advances in engineering and radio have given a solid foundation to what, but a few short decades ago, was a seemingly impossible dream.

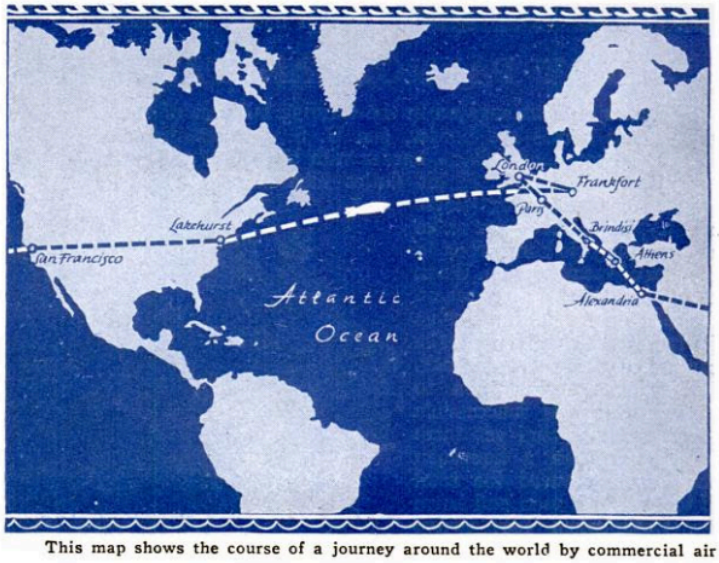
It is only sixty-four years since Jules Verne's classic "Around the World in Eighty Days" appeared in American bookshops. That imaginary circuit of the globe initiated a long series of real-life dashes by train, automobile, boat, and aircraft. Beginning with Nellie Bly's seventy-two day journey, in 1889, and ending with Wiley Post's eight-day flight, in 1933, these races against the clock have dramatized the advancing speed of transportation.

Such stunts, however, were pioneering trips far beyond the reach of the ordinary person. Now, on regular air lines, it will be possible to fly around the world in comfort, following the trail of Jules Verne's hero Phileas Fogg by air. In twenty flying days, and for the price of a high-class automobile, you can make the journey.

The Lakehurst field is the scene of the start. Under the glare of searchlights, the giant *Von Hindenburg* towers higher than a ten-story building and stretches across the field for a distance greater than three and a half city blocks. With nearly fifty other passengers, as well as a crew of forty, you climb aboard the transatlantic Zeppelin. In your stateroom, you find a comfortable bed, electric lights, hot and cold running water. Overhead, the great gas cells hold 7,000,000 cubic feet of helium, enough to lift a weight equal to half a mile of automobiles lashed bumper to bumper!

There is a final inspection, then, at midnight, the com-

TWO NEW AIRWAYS MAKE IT POSSIBLE TICKET FOR A TWENTY-DAY AERIAL



This map shows the course of a journey around the world by commercial air

Around the World

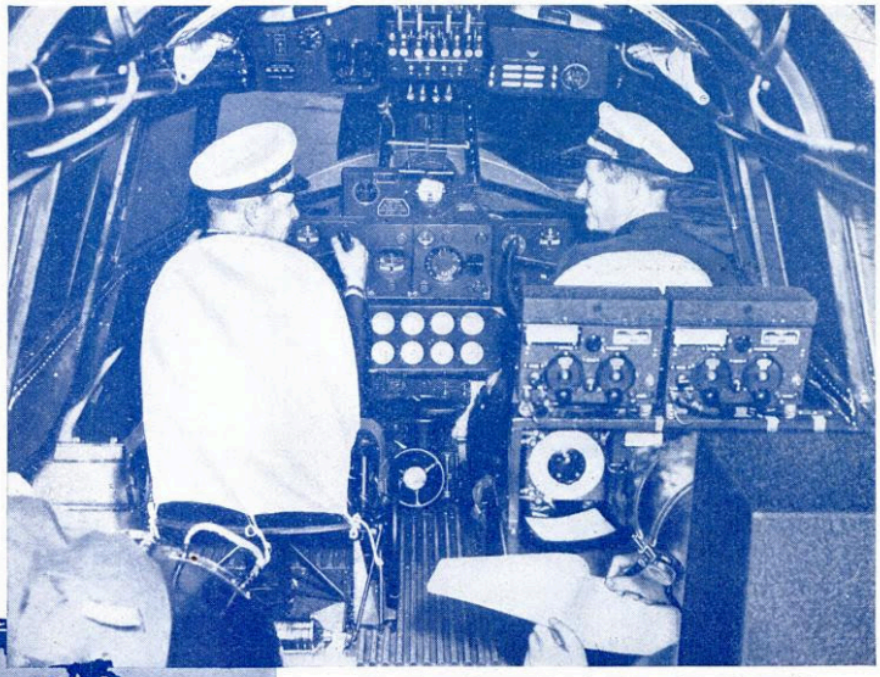
mand: "Up Ship!" The mooring cables drop away, and majestically the immense, silver cigar rises into the air. Almost noiselessly, its four 1,300-horsepower Diesel engines begin spinning their huge propellers. The ship gathers speed. The lights of Lakehurst drop to the rear. At eighty miles an hour, you are heading for the coast. Half an hour later, the vast cluster of pin-point lights marking New York City has slipped beneath you and faded away behind.

The sky liner is taking the great-circle route to Europe, following the trail of Lindbergh. In stormy weather, it would head across for the Azores along a "bad-weather route," 600 miles longer but out of the path of the northern gales. Sunrise finds you well up the coast, and midafternoon reveals the rocks of Newfoundland below. By evening, you are out over the Atlantic making the "down-hill run" to Europe. With prevailing winds at her tail, the big ship rushes on, hour after hour. An occasional steamer, the gleaming peak of an iceberg, alone break the monotony of tossing water. You have time to examine the great aerial hotel on which you are riding, to see the smoking rooms, the shower baths, the electric ranges, and even the full-size grand piano it carries.

By evening of the second day, you are gliding across Belgium, up the Rhine to the new airship shed at Frankfort on the Main. Forty-seven hours after leaving Lakehurst, you step down at the European airport. The fare for this 3,900-mile, transatlantic trip via the airways is $400.

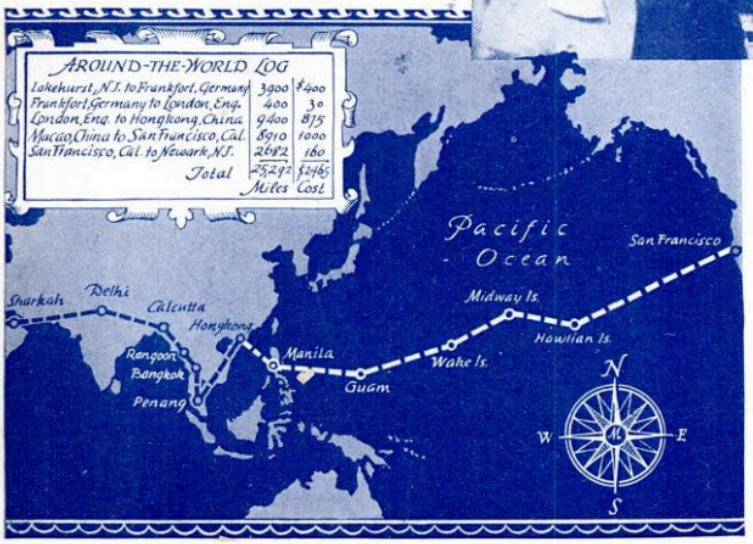
In a special "Zeppelin service," all-

One of the clipper ships of the Pan American Airways System. In these four-motored flying boats the round-the-world air tourist will cross the 8,000 miles of the Pacific Ocean in seven days



Captain and first officer in the cockpit of the *China Clipper*. The radio man is behind the panel at right

FOR ANYONE TO BUY A JAUNT AROUND THE GLOBE



lines, with distances ar. ost. Two new ocean services complete the chain

metal Junkers monoplanes are warming up on the line, ready to carry passengers to Paris, London, Berlin. You board the ship for the British capital, and the steady roar of its twin engines soon lulls you to sleep. Dawn is breaking when you awaken with the machine sliding down for a fast landing at Croydon, the air center on the outskirts of London. The fare for the Frankfort-London hop is thirty dollars.

At London, you purchase an Imperial Airways ticket for a flight to the other side of the globe. The ticket will carry you to Hongkong over one of the longest airways in the world. The fare, $875, includes meals and incidentals.

For the first leg of this long flight, you ride in a thirteen-ton, eighteen-passenger Hercules airliner. Four 555-horsepower motors pull the 130-foot ship through the sky. From the windows of its spacious cabin you watch smoking factories, the glittering stretch of the English Channel,

the green fields of France glide past beneath you. In sight of the Eiffel Tower, the Jupiter engines are throttled down and you land at Le Bourget, the Paris airport, to discharge and take on passengers.

Off again, you leave the French capital behind and slide down across the map of Europe, over the high backbone of the Alps, above the olive groves and blue bays of the Italian seacoast to a landing at Brindisi, at the "heel of the boot" in Italy. Your next take-off carries you out over the fishing fleets of the Adriatic, over the coastline of Greece, above the white columns of the Parthenon, at Athens. Here, you leave the Hercules biplane behind and take your place in the hull of a great fourteen-ton Scipio flying boat for the crossing of the Mediterranean. The second day from London and the fifth from home, you plow to a stop at Alexandria, the Egyptian city founded by Alexander the Great near the mouth of the Nile.

Again, you mount a fresh steed, this time a De Haviland Hannibal. Its quartette of Jupiter motors pull you steadily into the East, over the Holy Land, the Dead Sea, the desert regions of upper Arabia. Below, you see camel trails, caravans, palm groves, towns with low, white buildings gleaming in the sun. By evening, you reach your stopping place for the night, the fabled city of Bagdad, in Mesopotamia.

At dawn, next morning, you head for Basra, at the head of the Persian Gulf, and the following day finds you winging on toward the Orient over strange scenes in Osman, Persia, Baluchistan. Reaching Karachi, at the mouth of the Indus River, you shift to a fast ninety-foot Atlanta monoplane with a cabin specially designed for hot-weather travel. Rice fields, tea plantations, dense jungles, sluggish rivers, teeming villages with brown men rushing out to watch you pass, make up the fascinating panorama that unrolls beneath the wings.

On the flight across India, you stop at Jodhpur, Delhi, Cawnpore, Calcutta, then fly on to Rangoon, in Burma, and Bangkok, the capital of Siam. Swinging south along the Malay Archipelago, your monoplane rolls to a stop on the Georgetown airport at the island of Penang. Here you leave the main line of the Imperial Airways, which runs on another 4,794 miles to Brisbane, Australia—12,754 miles from London. By next year, superfast flying boats, now under construction in England, are expected to clip the time of this long journey in half. The trip to Georgetown now takes about eight days; a few months hence, it will be made in four.

At Penang, you board a shuttle plane for the north, a slim-winged De Haviland "86" powered with Gypsy engines. Crossing the Gulf of Siam, skirting the coast of French Indo-China, heading north up the China Sea, you swoop down for a landing at Hongkong. In twelve days, since that midnight start at Lakehurst, you have traveled 13,700 miles. The total fare has been $1,305.

Across the bay from Hongkong, at Macao, mechanics are tuning up the four 800-horsepower engines on one of the *China Clipper* flying boats of the Pan American line. In these swift transpacific craft, you will travel 8,910 miles to San Francisco by way of the Philippines, Guam, Wake Island, Midway Island, and Hawaii. These ships, and the elaborate precautions which protect them on their long journey, represent a new peak in aerial transportation.

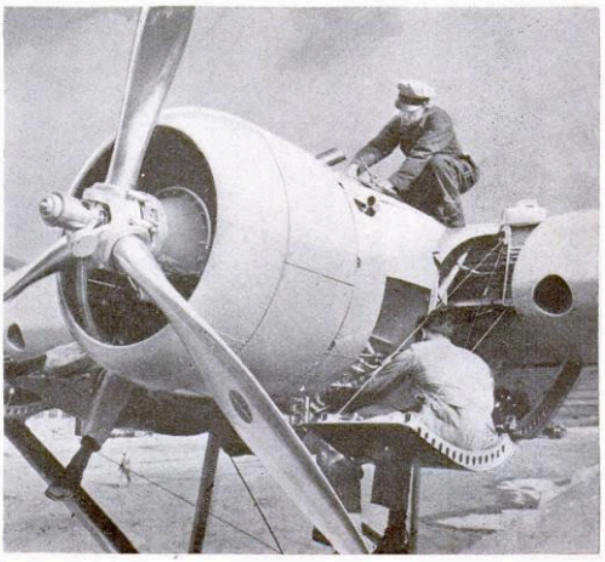
Hundreds of weather stations, in a vast network that embraces half a dozen countries on two continents and innumerable islands of the Pacific, report flying conditions at frequent intervals. These reports form the basis of weather maps that determine when the ship takes off, what course it follows, and how high it flies. Directional radio, developed by Pan American engineers to function over hitherto impossible distances, aids in checking the position of the big boats along the route. Tiny bombs of aluminum powder form floating landmarks by which the navigator determines his drift. And, aboard every ship, a crack engineer sits in a special compartment, surrounded by 107 controls and instruments, adjusting the motors to meet the demands of each section of the flight.

This man, called the flight engineer, knows every quirk and rivet of the big machine. Not only is he capable of performing any necessary repairs, but each hour of the flight he takes seventy recordings, including the rate of *(Continued on page 119)*

The flight engineer in his special compartment, surrounded by the 107 instruments and controls with which he keeps the engines working properly

GAUGING DRIFT WHILE AT SEA

Navigating officer of the *China Clipper* about to throw a flask of aluminum powder from the window of the ship. Shattered in the ocean, it will make a sight for measuring sideways drift. The flask and drift indicator are seen below



OVERHAULING THE ENGINES

Mechanics at work on one of the 800-horsepower motors that drive the *China Clipper*. The inspection platform beside the motor housing folds back into the wing when not in use